"Dinner on a Round-up."
photograph postcard

Dinner on a Round-up
Western Canada Ranching Series No 1
Copyright Canada 1912 by A.E. Brown

POST CARD

A A Z O A
A PLACE A
Z STAMP Z
O HERE O
A A Z O A

CORRESPONDENCE HERE

NAME AND ADDRESS HERE

13·5 x 8·5 cm

Mrs. Chas. Lynch-Staunton
Pincher Creek, Alberta.

4 copies made C.1
R016
(1)

WITH THE ROUND-UP.

BY E. Lynch-Staunton.

One of the traditions of the Alberta Ranching Country was the Big Roundup.

Ranches may have been few and far between, with no communication other than the occasional rider, nevertheless the word went forth - by those invisible messengers that have ever been so useful and reliable in pioneer countries: "Round-up next Sunday (it was always on a Sunday that they started out) at Lower Crossing." And every rancher on the range, or his "rep", to the last man was at the rendezvous at the appointed day.

A captain was chosen - an office that usually fell to those with the larger herds, Jim Dunlap of the Cochrane Ranch was captain of the Great Round Up of 1885 when they handled 60,000 head of cattle. The captain's word was law, anyone who could not take orders was disciplined by ~~that invincible rule by which he was~~ being 'frozen out' and without knowing exactly how, found himself an unnecessary adjunct of the round-up - an unenviable situation.

~~As inevitably~~ The chuck-wagon always made its appearance, and also the regular dead-ax wagon loaded with canvases for tents, ropes and saddles, ~~and odds and ends of necessities, and~~ the grub supply, cases of cans, and wooden jamp pails, sacks of flour and sugar, potatoes and beans, and crowning the very top, ~~was~~ the rusty sheet-iron stove.

Generally the driver of the four-horse team required to haul the loaded Dead-ax wagon was the cook - an important individual, who though he might be a horseman, was unmistakably not a cowman. His chef's uniform was complete when he removed his coat and spread

an emptied flour-sack across his waistcoat and tied it in place with a halter-shank. He might be good-natured, or irascible, there was no telling except from established reputation and he usually felt it his duty to live up to his reputation — whatever that might be.

The ranchmen and cowboys arrived at the corral with their strings of saddle horses, each man having at least four mounts and often more. Each brought his roll of blankets and his slicker of yellow or black oilskin. They tossed their rolls onto the chuck-wagon and proceeded to pitch their tents after drawing lots for bedfellows and location.

Riders were told off for herd-riding and night-herding; a rope corral was made ; and when the wagon was unloaded it served as the only hitching-post at hand.

The time for the Round-up was May /or June for calf-branding, October for gathering beef. Horse round-ups were held but once a year , usually in May, and were followed immediately by horse-breaking.

By midnight of rendevous day, between thirty and forty men, each with his necessary quota of mounts, his roll of blankets and his irons, had arrived. So you will see that the Round-up camp had in the course of a few hours become quite a bustling and populous centre, with smoke issuing from the chimney pipe of the set-up camp-stove, horses neighing and occasionally letting heels fly or pulling back on their tie-ropes and dislodging the chuck-wagon, to the inconvenience of everybody and especially the cook. Saddles were tossed here and there beside the weathered and smoke-stained tents, Riders in cowboy outfits weaved in and out of the confusion, the stentorious bawlings of the suddenly outraged cook, as the occasional dog made off with a juicy roast or piping-hot slapjack; the twang of banjo strings or Jew's harp, or a lilting cowboy song as they gathered in about the campfire, all added to the color of the scene.

S[illegible]

Shortly the moon was risen and the crooning of the night herders might be wafted from the hills on the night breeze, or the coyotes start their nightly serenade.

WITH THE ROUND-UP—
AT DAYBREAK.

On the surface, riding on the Round-up seemed the easiest and most fascinating of jobs and the fact remains that the cowboy was never given credit for working at all - he was merely playing at work, though in reality it was most strenuous work. All day jolting along in the saddle from dawn to starlight, and the prairie dawn comes early and starlight late, often enduring for protracted hours the gnawing pangs of hunger, chilled to the bone and wet to the skin by wind-driven rain or snow, or with faces actually blistered or tanned to leathery hue by hot winds that almost lifted one out of the saddle, to 'roll in' sometimes in damp blankets, merely by pulling his boots off, but dog-tired, eating indigestible foods but ravenously hungry, dozing in the saddle on night-herd, and 'turning out' in the chilly dawn to 'boots and saddle', and climbing on the 'hurricane deck' of a half-broken cayeuse from which he was most likely to 'land a claim', as the jargon ran.

Besides the work of riding hills and coulees, of gathering and driving in the herd, cutting-out (which work necessiated the greatest activity by horse and rider), branding, separating and holding the bunches and delivering the different brands. The cowmen returned from the Round-up utterly exhausted, yet they would not have missed it for worlds, and even yet you will hear the old-time cowmen lamenting the passing of that former institution for the old-time Round-up is now almost a thing of the past, the tales of which are recounted from comfortable armchairs at Stampede time or when a bunch of cowmen are gathered together.

They will tell how they rose at dawn (4 A.M.). Already the horse-wranglers were corralling the horses in the improvised rope corral. ~~What fun!~~ Though the broncs, wild and quick as they might

be, never escaped those flying lariats. One by one they were caught up, the hackimore of rawhide or plaited hair slipped over their heads, and they were saddled, though whether they would remain so for very long was another question. The boys after snatching a hasty breakfast were ready to tackle their mounts, to the accompaniment of laughter and many practical jokes.

Breakfast usually consisted of fried steaks (a 'critter' had been butchered already) and brown fried potatoes, or pork and beans and slapjacks, scalding hot coffee, golden syrup, or jams that came in wooden pails the wood of which was deeply dyed by the coloring matter of the jam. ~~Do we ever get jams like that now-a-days, or any that taste as good?~~

Each man carried a snack of beef sandwiches along with him for the day. His drink would be spring water wherever he might find it.

His supper, probably about 8 P.M. would consist of roast or stewed beef, boiled potatoes, and pie, blueberry and dried apple being the favorites, though sometimes the apples were of a leathery consistency. The cook would have produced a batch of bread by this time, good bread it was too, sun-risen. The dishes were of tin, as were the cups, which was perhaps the reason for the tea or coffee being always so scalding hot.

Sometimes there was a ~~limrod~~ fisherman amongst them and they revelled in a mess of mountain trout for breakfast next morning. Sometime they had a bear-meat ration or other game.

Their garb naturally met with the requirements of their calling. The cowboy wore tooled leather or long-haired schapps, high-heeled boots, to keep his foot from slipping through the stirrup, spurs with rowels huge but blunt, usually a leather or calfskin vest over a flannel shirt, a leather belt and holster containing a six-shooter, a colored neckerchief, and a wide-brimmed hat. He wore fancy leather cuffs reaching to his elbows, and always gloves of

heavy buckskin (to avoid rope burns). ~~The cowman was always known to be taciturn and concise, and~~ fanciful as his raiment might appear, yet every article was worn for a definite purpose.

In those early days of the West, the slicker, of yellow or black oilskin and made with a deep flap in the back to fit over the cantle of the saddle, was a very important and necessary adjunct of apparel for wet weather. Almost every rider had his brand painted in big lettering on the back of his slicker. No rider was without his coiled rope tied on his saddle. He never knew at what moment he might need it - to rope a cayeuse, to throw a 'critter', to haze along a ~~laggin~~ lagging animal, or a hundred other things.

The riders were told off in twos and threes and departed in all directions, north, ~~and~~ south, ~~and~~ east and west, Every foot of territory ~~was~~ to be covered, the coulees, hills, draws, river-bottoms and brush. The cattle were gathered in little bunches and driven in to headquarters where they were held by herders until the entire country was ridden over, the riders changing to fresh mounts as their horses tired. Each day the herd became larger, and whenever necessary the camp was moved to keep in touch with the riders.

~~WITH THE ROUND UP - GATHERING IN.~~

The cook had the camp pretty well to himself all day, his cooking done, and his domestic duties being to say the least, sketchy, he might sleep the long day away, or lying on his back in the shade of the chuck-wagon, read "penny dreadfuls". He might saunter forth with hook and string attached to a switch broken from a tree, or he might be "entertaining" visitors who would undoubtedly be regaled with a cup of his hottest tea flavored with "tin cow" and a generous wedge of pie, or feathery light biscuits (composed mostly of baking powder), as well as by the "tallest" tales ~~imaginable~~. ~~But~~ It was the treat of a lifetime to visit a Round-Up camp.

~~Then~~ About five in the afternoon activity began again. The

first bunch of cattle appeared over the rise, or coming through the draw, and soon was heard the "halloos" of the cowboys as they hazed the cattle along, spinning their ropes, ~~in circles~~ and sparing neither their vocal cords nor their command of language. The cattle bawled and snorted, their trampling resounding on rocks and hard ground, or slushing through the muskegs. Calves darted out of the herd, to be tailed back by an out-rider. An old bull paused to paw up the earth in great clouds of dust - roaring forth a challenge from snorting nostrils, only to be prodded on by spinning lariat or leaded quirt.

More and more cattle coming, they were gathered in a mass and held by galloping, circling riders ever on the alert to head off an animal that ~~would~~ might make a dash for liberty.

The riders would be "working" the bunch till dark, as the creatures suspicious and frightened, milled and milled in never ceasing circles, attempting to break back to their grazing grounds, rebellious and "on the prod". The cowboy's work was cut out for him then, getting them to settle down, soothing their nervousness, above all forestalling a stampede. There was no chance of supper before eight or nine o'clock. Gradually the work was taken over by the night herders, the relieved men coming in in relays to eat and stretch their ~~xxxxxx~~ saddle-weary limbs. And how they could eat, with appetites keenly whetted by fast, and long strenuous hours in the saddle. The tin plates were filled and refilled, again and again, cups of tea or coffee, no matter how hot, disappeared in a gulp, and three or four pieces of pie were none too many. No wonder the cook was ~~choleric~~ sore before he got through, if he wasn't to begin with.

~~WITH THE ROUND UP. - NIGHT ON THE ROUND UP.~~

The cowboys, finally ~~ate, and~~ filled to repletion, rose from their seats on boxes and stumps, or from ~~sitting on~~ the tongue of the chuck-wagon, and passing around with their awkward hobbling gait and jingling

ours, ~~to get~~ got out of the way and made room for those who had not eaten ~~yet~~, ~~began~~ and pulling out the makin's ~~and rolling~~ rolled themselves cigarettes.

Soon they were stretching themselves, mostly on their backs with their faces to the skies, about the roaring campfire, - from which position the cowboy might view the stars to his heart's content, and always he had a sentimental interest in the stars.

Jokes and yarns made the rounds. The night-herders with envy in their hearts for those who basked in the warmth of the fire in utter laziness(as it appeared), departed, content or grumbling, according to their dispositions, to where the herd was being held. It was their job to get ~~them~~ the cattle quieted and bedded down for the night, and to mean job it was.

In the meanwhile the last resounding clatter of the tin dishes died down in the cook's quarters, to give place to sounds of hilarity around the campfire, as the boys made one another the butt of their pranks and began to outvie each other in recounting "tall tales", especially if by lucky chance they should have a 'greenhorn' or 'tenderfoot' amongst them.

The moon ~~rises~~ rose, and the cowboy, grown more sentimental and more and more mournful, drifted from jigs and reels, from mouth-organ and ~~to~~ Jew's harp or banjo, to singing songs of the Lone Cowboy, Prairie Moon, M'Yellar Rose, Write a Letter Home to Mother, the Dying Soldier's Song (of 3) verses), and many an on the Lone Prairie.

One by one they 'rolled in', for the cook's gong (or frying pan beating on resounding tin pan) ~~did~~ would call summoning them from dreams of the Cowboy's Heaven, wherever and whatever that may be, before he had had ~~his~~ what seemed a few short winks, with the signal he must crawl out of his warm blankets and pull on his cold boots. It is frightful-chilly on the western prairie at break of day, though it is not so cold at that as it has been for the night-herders riding the herd the whole night through, up there on the bed-grounds where they got the full

[illegible], sits there on the benchboards, the [illegible] leaders [illegible] are showing their trouble. [illegible]

[illegible] in a [illegible] way. A [illegible] of [illegible] pervades the herd. The [illegible] their noticed flanks and [illegible] a plaintive [illegible], while cows that have lost their young in the melee bawl loudly and rush back [illegible] forth with fire in their eyes.

The storm is suddenly enveloped in black clouds; there are livid flashes of lightning. The herd begins to shift. The creatures [illegible] break for shelter before the threatening storm.

With loose leaping the [illegible] rival the herd, making a quick dash after an animal that darts from the bunch. One breaks away, followed by two, three, a dozen. They must be turned back, or there will be a general rush, a stampede. The rider, like a centaur in his horse's cities [illegible] and is after them. [illegible] rider comes to his assistance. The critters are [illegible] off and returned to the herd [illegible] their organized [illegible] with [illegible] persistently [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the rider is [illegible] as in the wind. One might think this is to keep up their spirits or to hail them to keep awake, but no such thing! The boys are endeavoring to instill confidence and lull the misgivings and terror of the creatures. Cattle.

The lightning keeps it [illegible] of fire from tip to [illegible] of the tossed horns. The [illegible] of the horses and cattle [illegible] wildly to the blackness of the night, following the [illegible] of their own [illegible] down [illegible] the hillsides. The cattle [illegible] hesitate to hold the herd from the steep banks, but the increasing storm is driving them inevitably in that direction.

A [illegible] rider [illegible] him, a [illegible] that plays [illegible], and lights up the entire landscape - and [illegible] is not long! Neither horse nor rider [illegible] now, but is it the terrified herd

and suddenly, out there in front, the Roundup Captain is caught in the Stampede.

~~It was just there, caught in the main herd.~~

~~The~~ rush is on, the terror-stricken creatures ~~rushing~~ before the lashing rain, the peal of thunder, the earth resounds with the thudding of ~~the~~ hoofs, the livid ~~sky~~ flame flashes over the backs of that tremendous writhing mass and lights up in ghastly relief the figure of the rider ahead - then before - then - !!!

Should he pause for the least fraction of a second to look behind, should his horse stumble over a large boulder or a prairie dog hole, or his cattle ~~with hunger~~ ~~in the same~~ ~~paint the appearance of~~ ~~ready to make~~, horse and rider are lost, trampled into the earth by the ~~hoofs~~ of the ~~race~~ ~~maniac~~, ~~mad~~ and frantic cattle creatures.

The captain wears his head and knows his cattle - ~~apparently~~ regards the scene, - ~~his~~ face expressionless as ever, feeling down in his ~~left~~ pocket, ~~and empties~~ with his, ~~teeth~~ a ~~cartridge~~ - and himself, at.

~~It~~ is ~~the~~ ~~work~~ of ~~a~~ ~~moment~~. ~~Empties~~ ~~his~~ The Captain ~~he~~ ~~draws~~ ~~in~~ his horse and regains the ~~his~~ of the Cattle. ~~the~~ ~~lead~~, ~~the~~ ~~P~~ ~~ing~~ ~~ly~~; the fire of ~~his~~ ~~gun~~ is aimed ~~in~~ ~~front~~ ~~of~~ the horse of the ~~leading~~ ~~animal~~. ~~He~~ ~~turns~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~, ~~pulls~~ ~~and~~ unconcern, - ~~he~~ keeps ~~on~~ in a ~~rising~~ ~~gallop~~, but ~~swings~~, to the ~~north~~-bottom ~~below~~ the ~~bay~~. ~~He~~ ~~is~~ ~~now~~ ~~in~~ a ~~direct~~ ~~course~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~left~~ of ~~the~~ ~~roundup~~ ~~herd~~ ~~and~~ ~~left~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~lead~~ ~~cattle~~; on of the herd, still ~~running~~.

As it is, the ~~herd~~ can ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~in~~ a ~~position~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~rear~~, ~~owing~~ ~~to~~ the ~~speed~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~animals~~ and ~~the~~ ~~distance~~ ~~between~~ ~~them~~, ~~and~~, ~~of~~ ~~course~~, ~~the~~ ~~rider~~. End

~~The~~ ~~whole~~ ~~affair~~ ~~was~~ ~~planned~~. ~~Hundreds~~ ~~more~~ ~~dropped~~, ~~and~~ ~~much~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~crub~~ ~~cowed~~ ~~and~~ ~~mild~~. ~~We~~ ~~were~~ ~~only~~ ~~three~~ ~~all~~ ~~told~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Round-up~~, ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~true~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~style~~, ~~a~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~fun~~ ~~with~~ ~~its~~ ~~ROUND~~ ~~UP~~ - ~~CUTTING-OUT~~.

~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~often~~ ~~best~~ ~~work~~ ~~for~~ ~~any~~ ~~single~~ ~~cowboy~~ ~~of~~ the ~~Round-up~~ ~~during~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~storm~~.

[illegible] to the north
[illegible] [illegible]'s [illegible] to
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to the
[illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
to the [illegible], [illegible] up to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
in the [illegible] until [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] from hunger but of more [illegible] temper, the riders might
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

But by this time even the horses were in bad humor, and as
saddles were thrown over wet and shivering backs there was an un-
[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible], kicking and [illegible] of hoofs.

"Whoa! The [illegible] is not [illegible] at that moment, quarter hunt!"

By [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
of the [illegible], the [illegible] was kneeling! [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
friend, but by eleven o'clock (by the sun) all was in readiness. All
riders were [illegible], each [illegible] to receive [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] to call [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The great herd of cattle that [illegible] had scattered in their
over [illegible] of the country was [illegible] on the wide meadow on each
plain, [illegible] [illegible].

The cowboys [illegible] was [illegible] until [illegible] made
the wide [illegible] of the west, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
but [illegible] many more important things [illegible] thinking of.

The hounds were [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible], while for
[illegible] [illegible] entering the herd, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] cutting it out
from the [illegible], - that is, the [illegible] [illegible] on his horse [illegible]
his [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] of a certain [illegible] [illegible] the herd to
where his [illegible] [illegible] receive that [illegible], and by dint of
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], in [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] to the [illegible]

cowpony being a myth) he never failed to deliver his critter, lodge and twist as it might.

In this strenuous and highly organ work a good cowpony was an invaluable asset. They had to be agile as cats and possessed of the stamina of barbed wire. They usually had hard-bitten names bestowed upon them, such as 'Bobwire', 'The Rat', 'Bum', 'Sage Brush', 'Paint', 'Yellow Jacket' or 'Whisker Jay', - no one wanted a pretty name for a cowpony, and as a rule they were not noted for handsomeness, but were stocky in build, short-legged, big-headed, Roman-nosed, and very often of the famous calico pattern in color. Still many a cowpony achieved fame, and the story of his faithful services remains warm in the heart of his master, for indeed his rider's safety, his very life, depended on the sure-footedness, the agility, the keenness of eye, and the endurance and gameness of his pony.

The brands being separated, branding was proceeded with, there on the open prairie without the convenience of corrals, chutes or squeezers. Spots of fire appeared, branding-irons were heated and ropes whirled. The work was accomplished with unbelievable expedition, an animal roped, thrown and branded in the mere twinkling of an eye and the bellowing creatures released.

Sometimes there was an occasional mix-up, as when a rider got his rope in a half-hitch about his own neck, and the situation was only so saved by one of the men quickly slashing the lariat with his jack-knife - though you may believe without thanks from the near-victim.

And again, when the greenhorn unwittingly took his life in his hands by dismounting, even to recover his ten-gallon hat, in the midst of that seething herd of outraged creatures, and by the mercy of God, who is credited with watching over the innocent, the intoxicated, and especially the tenderfoot, to the amazement of the beholders lived to tell the tale.

There remained but to dispose of the 'mavericks', all unbranded and unclaimed animals, which were usually sold to help defray the expenses of the Round-up; to knock down the tents and roll up their blankets; and the final rite of emptying the cook's meat-pot, accumulated field mice and all; and the riders utterly done, weather-beaten and grubby, made for the nearest town or drifted ranchward.

The Round-up was over.

E. Lynch-Staunton.

WITH THE ROUND-UP.

Ranches may have been few and far between, with no communication other than the occasional rider, nevertheless the word went forth - by those invisible messengers that have ever been so useful and reliable in pipneer countries: "Round-up next Sunday (it was always on a Sunday that they started out) at Lower Crossing". And every rancher on the range, (or his "rep") to the last man was at the rendezvous at the appointed day.

A captain was chosen - an office that usually fell to those with the larger herds, Jim Dunlap of the Cochrane Ranch was captain of the Great Round Up of 1885 when they handled 60,000 head of cattle. The captain's word was law, anyone who could not take orders being disciplined by that invincible rule by which he was 'frozen out' and without knowing exactly how found himself an unnecessary adjunct of the round-up - an unenviable situation.

As inevitably the chuck-wagon made its appearance the regular dead-ax wagon loaded with canvases for tents, ropes and saddles and odds and ends of necessities, and the grub supply, cases of cans and wooden jam pails, sacks of flour and sugar, potatoes and beans, and crowning the very top was the rusty sheet-iron stove.

Generally the driver of the four-horse team required to haul the loaded wagon was the cook - an important individual, who though he might be a horseman, was unmistakably not a cowman. His chef's uniform was complete when he removed his coat and spread an emptied flour-sack across his waistcoat and tied it in place with a halter-

shank. He might be good-natured, or irascible, there was no telling except from established reputation and he usually felt it his duty to live up to his reputation.

The ranchmen and cowboys arrived with their saddle horses, each man having at least four mounts and often more. Each brought his roll of blankets and his slicker of yellow or black oilskin. They tossed their rolls onto the chuck-wagon and proceeded to pitch their tents after drawing lots for bedfellows and location.

Riders were told off for herd-riding and night-herding; a rope corral was made; and when the wagon was unloaded it served as the only hitching-post at hand.

The time for the Round-Up was May or June for calf-branding, October for gathering beef. Horse round-ups were held but once a year, usually in May, and were followed immediately by horse-breaking.

By midnight between thirty and forty men, each with his necessary quota of mounts, his roll of blankets and his irons, had arrived. So you will see that the Round-up camp had in the course of a few hours become quite a bustling and populous centre, with smoke issuing from the chimney pipe of the set-up camp-stove, horses neighing and occasionally letting heels fly or pulling back on their tie-ropes and dislodging the chuck-wagon, to the inconvenience of everybody and especially the cook. Saddles were tossed here and there beside the weathered and smoke-stained tents, Riders in cowboy outfits weaved in and out of the confusion, the stentorious bawling of the suddenly outraged cook as the occasional dog made off with a juicy roast or piping-

hot slapjack; the twang of banjo strings or Jew's harp, or a lilting cowboy song as they gathered in about the campfire.

Shortly the moon was risen and the crooning of the night herders might be wafted from the hills on the night breeze, or the coyotes start their nightly serenade.

At Daybreak. On the surface riding on the Round-up seemed the easiest and most fascinating of jobs and the fact remains that the cowboy was never given credit for working at all - he was merely playing at work, though in reality it was most strenuous work. All day jolting along in the saddle from dawn to starlight, and the prairie dawn comes early and starlight late, often enduring for protracted hours the gnawing pangs of hunger, chilled to the bone and wet to the skin by wind-driven rain or snow, or with faces actually blistered or tanned to leathery hue by hot winds that almost lifted one out of the saddle, to 'roll in' sometimes in damp blankets, merely by pulling his boots off, but dog-tired, eating indigestible foods but ravenously hungry, dozing in the saddle on night-herd, and ' 'turning out' in the chilly dawn to 'boots and saddle', and climbing on the 'hurrican deck' of a half-broken cayeuse from which he was most likely to 'land a claim', as the jargon ran.

Besides the work of riding hills and coulees, of gathering and driving in the herd, cutting-out (which work necessitated the greatest activity by horse and rider), branding, separating and holding the bunches and delivering the different brands. The cowmen returned from the Round-up utterly exhausted, yet they would not have missed

it for worlds, and even yet you will hear the old-time cowmen lamenting the passing of that former institution for the old-time Round-up is now almost a thing of the past, the tales of which are recounted from comfortable armchairs at Stampede time or when a bunch of cowmen are gathered together.

They will tell how they rose at dawn (4 A.M.). Already the horse-wranglers were corralling the horses in the improvised rope corral. What fun! Though the broncs, wild and quick as they might be,never escaped those flying lariats. One by one they were caught up, the hackimore of rawhide or plaited hair slipped over their heads, and saddled, though whether they would remain so for very long was another question. The boys after snatching a hasty breakfast were ready to tackle their mounts, to the accompaniment of laughter and many practical jokes.

Breakfast usually consisted of fried steaks (a 'critter' had been butchered already) and brown fried potatoes, or pork and beans and slapjacks, scalding hot coffee, golden syrup, or jams that came in wooden pails, the wood of which was deeply dyed by the coloring matter of the jam. Do we ever get jams like that now-a-days, or any that taste as good?

Each man carried a snack of beef snadwiches along with him for the day. His drink would be spring water wherever he might find it.

His supper, probably about 8 P.M. would consist of roast or stewed beef, boiled potatoes, and pie, blueberry

and dried apple being the favorites, though sometimes the apples were of a leathery consistency. The cook would have produced a batch of bread by this time, good bread it was too, sun-risen. The dishes were of tin, as were the cups, which was perhaps the reason for the tea or coffee being always so scalding hot.

Sometimes there was a nimrod amongst them and they revelled in a mess of mountain trout for breakfast next morning. Sometimes they had a bear-meat ration or other game.

Their garb naturally met with the requirements of their calling. The cowboy wore tooled leather or long-haired schapps, high-heeled boots, to keep his foot from slipping through the stirrup, spurs with rowels hugh but blunt, usually a leather or calfskin vest over a flannel shirt, a leather belt and holster containing a six-shooter, a colored neckerchief, and a wide-brimmed hat. He wore fancy leather cuffs reaching to his elbows, and always gloves of heavy buckskin (to avoid rope burns). The cowman was always known to be taciturn and concise, and fanciful as his raiment might appear, yet every article was worn for a definite purpose.

In those early days of the West, the slicker, of yellow or black oilskin and made with a deep flap in the back to fit over the cantle of the saddle, was a very important and necessary adjunct of apparel for wet weather. Almost every rider had his brand painted in big lettering on the back of his slicker. No rider was without his coiled rope tied on his saddle. He never knew at what moment he

might need it - to rope a cayeuse, to throw a 'critter', to haze along a lagging animal, or a hundred other things.

The riders were told off in twos and threes and departed in all directions, north and south and east and west. Every foot of territory was to be covered, the coulees, hills, draws, river-bottoms and brush. The cattle were gathered in little bunches and driven in to headquarters where they were held by herders until the entire country was ridden over, the riders changing to fresh mounts as their horses tired. Each day the herd became larger, and whenever necessary the camp was moved to keep in touch with the riders.

Gathering In. The cook had the camp pretty well to himself all day, his cooking done, and his domestic duties being to say the least, sketchy, he might sleep the long day away, or lying on his back in the shade of the chuck-wagon, read "penny dreadfuls". He might saunter forth with hook and string attached to a switch broken from a tree, or he might be "entertaining" visitors who would undoubtedly be regaled with a cup of his hottest tea flavored with "tin cow" and a generous wedge of pie, or feathery light biscuits (composed mostly of baking powder), as well as by the "tallest" tales imaginable. But it was the treat of a lifetime to visit a Round-Up camp.

Then about five in the afternoon activity began again. The first bunch of cattle appeared over the rise, or coming through the draw, and soon was heard the "halloos" of the cowboys as they hazed the cattle along, spinning their

ropes in circles and sparing neither their vocal cords nor their command of language. The cattle bawled and snorted, their trampling resounding on rocks and hard ground, or slushing through muskegs. Calves darted out of the herd, to be tailed back by an out-rider. An old bull paused to paw up the earth in great clouds of dust - roaring forth a challenge from snorting nostrils, to be prodded on by spinning lariat or loaded quirt.

More and more coming, they were gathered in a mass and held by galloping circling riders ever on the alert to head off an animal that would make a dash for liberty.

The riders would be "working" the bunch till dark, as the creatures suspicious and frightened milled and milled in never ceasing circles, attempting to break back to their grazing grounds, rebellious and "on the prod". The cowboy's work was cut out for him then, getting them to settle down, soothing their nervousness, above all forestalling a stampede. There was no chance of supper before eight or nine o'clock. Gradually the work was taken over by the night herders, the relieved men coming in in relays to eat and stretch their saddle-weary limbs. And how they could eat, with appetites keenly whetted by fast and long strenuous hours in the saddle. The tin plates were filled and refilled, again and again, cups of tea or coffee, no matter how hot, disappeared in a gulp, and three or four pieces of pie were none too many. No wonder the cook was choleric before he got through, if he wasn't to begin with.

Night on the Round-Up. The cowboys ate, and filled to repletion, rose from their seats on boxes and stumps, or from sitting on the tongue of the chuck-wagon, and passing around with their awkward hobbling gait and jingling spurs, to get out of the way and make room for those who had not eaten yet, began pulling out the makin's and rolling themselves cigarettes.

Soon they were stretching themselves, mostly on their backs with their faces to the skies, about the roaring campfire - from which position the cowboy might view the stars to his heart's content, and always he had a sentimental interest in the stars.

Jokes and yarns made the rounds. The night-herders with envy in their hearts for those who basked in the warmth of the fire in utter laziness (as it appeared) departed, content or grumbling according to their dispositions to where the herd was being held. It was their job to get them quieted and bedded down for the night, and no mean job it was.

In the meanwhile the last resounding clatter of the tin dishes died down in the cook's quarters, to give place to sounds of hilarity around the campfire as the boys made one another the butt of their pranks and began to outvie each other in recounting "tall tales", especially if by lucky chance they should have a 'greenhorn' or 'tenderfoot' amongst them.

The moon rises and the cowboy grown more sentimental and more and more mournful drifts from jigs and reels, from mouth-organ to Jew's harp or banjo, to singing songs of the

Lone Cowboy, Prairie Moon, I'Yeller Rose, Write a Letter Home to Mother, the Dying Soldier's Song (of 39 verses), and Bury Me on the Lone Prairie.

One by one the 'roll in', for the cook's song (of mixing spoon beating on resounding tin pan) will be summoning them from dreams of the Cowboy's Heaven, wherever and whatever that may be, before he feels he has had time for half a dozen winks and he needs must crawl out of his warm blankets and pull on his cold boots. It is desperately chilly on the western prairie at break of dawn; though it is not so cold at that as it has been for the night-herders riding the herd the whole night through up there on the beachlands where they get the full sweep of the wind, whether from West or North, or slanting driving rains from South or East.

The animals are slow in settling down. A sense of uneasiness pervades the herd. The calves crowd their mothers' flanks and keep up a plaintive mooing, while cows that have lost their young in the melee bawl loudly and rush back and forth with fire in their eyes.

The moon is suddenly smothered in black clouds; there are livid flashes of lightning which add to the nervousness of the cattle. The creatures would break for shelter before the threatening storm.

With loose lariats the herders circle the herd, making a quick dash after an animal that darts from the bunch. One breaks away, followed by two, three, a dozen. They must be turned back, or there will be a general rush, a stampede. The cowboy jabs the spurs into his horse's sides without a

moment's loss. Another rider comes to his assistance. The critters are headed off and returned to the herd where they continue their everlasting bawling and restless milling, drifting persistently towards the brink of the coulee in spite of the efforts of the riders to hold them in the open.

The unceasing hallooing of the riders is carried along on the wind. Some might think this was to keep up their spirits or to help them to keep awake, but no such thing! The boys are endeavoring to inspire confidence and lull the rising suspicion and terror of the creatures.

The lightning leaps in balls of fire from tip to tip of the tossing horns. The eyes of the horses and cattle gleam wierdly in the blackness of the night following the flash. Great drops of rain come spattering down on wide-brimmed cowboy hats and slickers. They work frantically trying to hold them back from the steep banks but the increasing storm is driving them irresistably in that direction.

A deafening crash of thunder, a lightning flash that plays over and lights up the entire landscape - and pandemonium is let loose!

Neither horse nor rider can hold them now, but is it the Cap'n out there, caught in their maddened course?

The wild stampede is on, the terror-stricken creatures rushing before the lashing rain, the crash of thunder - earth resounding with the thudding hoofs, the livid unearthly glare playing over the backs of that tremendous hurtling mass and lighting up in ghostly outline the figure of the rider speeding there before them - the Cap'n!

Should he pause for the least fraction of a second to look behind, should his horse stumble over a loose boulder or step into a hole, or his saddle girth burst in the supreme effort they are being called upon to make, horse and rider are lost, trampled into the earth by the hooves of those oncoming, maddened and frantic creatures.

The captain keeps his head and directs his course imperceptibly towards the coulee, - there is a comparatively safe pathway leading down if he can but reach it. The herd sways with him, he may save them - and himself yet.

It is indeed a mad race with no turning back. Desperately he urges on his horse and reaches the brink before them, and providentially the face of the moon is cleared in time for him to mark the course leading downward. The thundering mass follows his lead, pell-mell and unrecking,- to bring up in snorting surprise, but safely, in the river bottom below the camp. Had they come in a direct course over the cliff there had not been much left of that same camp.

As it is, the only one left in occupancy there is the cook, swearing like a trooper at being so violently and hazardously disturbed, and, of course, the greenhorn.

Every single tent was flattened. Blankets were drenched, and mucy of the grub soaked and ruined. However such things are all a part of the Round-Up, to be taken in good spirit, as part of the fun!

Cutting Out. There was neither rest nor comfort for any single member of the Round-Up during the balance of the night after the storm. The tenderfoot found his cosey bed when he would return to its warmth submerged in a foot of

water. The cook's profanity as he labored to keep his fire alight with water-soaked wood was something never to be forgotten, as the riders dripping water from their slickers and chilled to the marrow, dashed up to snatch a cup of hot coffee.

The cattle remained huddled together in a dense steamy mass in the bottom until a late dawn spread a grey mist over the landscape when bellowing from hunger but of more docile temper, the riders might safely return them to their grazing grounds.

But by this time even the horses were in bad humor, and as saddles were thrown over wet and shivering backs there was an uninterrupted program of rearing, bucking and flying of hoofs.

Fun! The cowboy did not think so at that moment, anything but!

By Friday the scene was ready for the tremendous climax of the Round-up, the cutting-out and branding! During the morning a swift survey was made of coulees and 'pockets' to be sure that no stock had been missed, but by eleven o'clock (by the sun) all was in readiness. All riders were on hand, each group prepared to receive his animals and to hold them separated from the others.

The great herd of cattle that had been gathered in from every quarter of the country was held on the wide meadow or open plain by the circling riders.

The continuous bawling was ear-splitting until custom made the riders unconscious of the roar, and as a matter of fact, each man had too many more important things to be

thinking of.

The brands were handled separately and in turns, a rider for each brand entering the herd, spotting his brand and cutting it out from the bunch, - that is, the cowboy mounted on his horse directed his course to drive an animal of a certain brand from the herd to where his assistants waited to receive that brand, and by dint of 'camping on its tail', in cowboy jargon, (a hint to the trained cowpony being enough) he never failed to deliver his critter, dodge and twist as it might.

In this strenuous and highly expert work a good cowpony was an invaluable asset. They had to be as nimble as cats and possessed of the stamina of barbed wire. They usually had hard-bitten names bestowed upon them, such as 'Bobwire', 'The Rat', 'Buck', 'Sage Brush', 'Paint', 'Yellow Jacket' or 'Whiskey Jay', - no one wanted a pretty name for a cowpony, and as a rule they were not noted for handsomeness, but were stocky in build, short-legged, big-headed, Roman-nosed, and very often of the famous calico pattern in color. Still many a cowpony achieved fame, and the memory of his faithful services remains warm in the heart of his master, for indeed his rider's safety, his very life, depended on the sure-footedness, the agility, the keenness of eye, and the endurance and gameness of his pony.

The brands being separated, branding was proceeded with, there on the open prairie without the convenience of corrals, shutes or squeezers. Spots of fire appeared, branding-irons were heated and ropes whirled. The work was accomplished with unbelievable expedition, an animal roped,

thrown and branded in the mere twinkling of an eye and the bellowing creatures released.

Sometimes there was an occasional mix-up, as when a rider got his rope in a half-hitch about his own neck, and the situation was only saved by one of the men quickly slashing the lariat with his jack-knife - though you may believe without thanks from the near-victim.

And again, when the greenhorn unwitingly took his life in his hands by dismounting, even to recover his ten-gallon hat, in the midst of that seething herd of outraged creatures, and by the mercy of God, who is credited with watching over the innocent, the intoxicated, and especially the tender-foot, to the amazement of the beholders lived to tell the tale.

There remained but to dispose of the 'mavericks', all unbranded and unclaimed animals, which were usually sold to help defray the expenses of the Round-up; to knock down the tents and roll up their blankets; and the final rite of emptying the cook's meat-pot, accumulated field mice and all; and the riders utterly done, weather-beaten and grubby, made for the nearest town or drifted ranchward.

The Round-up was over.